

My Disagreement

by

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I quit my job today. About an hour ago. And I am so so so so so SO sick of thinking about it. I hate pickles. I hate tacky music. I hate obnoxious bosses who criticize you and absolutely no other employee even though that is completely ridiculous. I only put the bread in the oven two minutes longer than I was supposed to, and really I am not even sure that's true. The supervisor who yelled at me told me what I had done. Another girl forgot to turn the timer on completely and let the bread burn and it was absolutely fine. And I hate dancing on the side of the road in a huge pickle suit while people drive by honking their horns and shouting at me to go fuck myself.

I've lived in Woodland for only a month and every single day since I moved in has been hell. A part-time job at a stupid, little sandwich shop should not give an eighteen year old an ulcer. It got to the point where I nearly went up to random people at the grocery store because I needed to know if they hated their job as much as I did. They were going to fire me tomorrow anyway, but I'd rather just bid them fucking adieu than let them make me feel about an inch tall one minute longer.

That's twice now I've been let go of from a job after only a month. Maybe that's my peak point. Everyone has a different point she has to get past in her job to know she's out of the immediate danger zone of getting fired. Mine is a month. And now I'm back to where I started,

searching for a job that won't completely mutilate me from stress yet still pay my bills in a town about the size of a thimble.

My sister is looking for a job at her school in Davis. We disagreed about this. She wants to work with primates. I told her I would shoot myself.